

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1855.

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THE POST.

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THE RESULT IN OHIO.—The Cincinnati Columbian, on the day of the election, anticipating the election of Chase, contemplating that event as a gloomy omen fraught with danger to the quietude of the country, indicating, at the same time, the duty of patriotic citizens, in view of emergencies which may arise.

The election of Mr. Chase cannot fail to be the signal for fresh commotions on the subject of slavery. Designed as a public insult to our brothers of the South, it cannot fail to beget some retribution or some revenge, perhaps still more foolish and wicked; and this in its turn is equally certain to bring about our part some fresh reprobation of senseless hostility, that will provoke hate upon hate, and wrong upon wrong, until peace between the two sections of the country shall become impossible, and nothing can ensue but that most terrible of human events, a civil and social war, a war without an aim, and without an end; in which both parties would be so guilty and so mad, that the slain and the good could, with difficulty, tell which side to take, or how not to deplore the issue whatever it might be.

Let things, however, go as unhappily as they may, the path of public duty is ever plain before us. We can still contend manfully for all good principles, for all sound measures, for all honest men. If the country wanders into a false policy or suffers itself to be misled by bad men, we have but the more to be true when others are false. Nothing but constancy to the public cause; nothing but a devotion to it that grows only the firmer at every defeat, nothing but those virtues of the citizen which are rarest just when they are needed most, can retrieve public affairs and bring us back to a better day.

LAND SPECULATORS AMONG THE OFFICIALS OF NEBRASKA.—The Nebraska City News has the following on the land speculating proclivities of Mr. Pierce's Territorial officials:

The present national administration removed Gov. Reeder, they say, because he was guilty of fraudulent land speculations. And we are informed, by private letter from Washington city, that those speculations were the sole cause of his deputation. We hope that such is the case, and we hope further, that President Pierce and his Cabinet will continue to investigate the land speculations of all officials in all Territories, not forgetting Nebraska, until the last rotten rascal among them is "holed and smoked out." If this administration has become so rigid and Andrew Jacksonian as to garrote the speculating officials who crawl over it, and eat into its reputation as maggots crawl over and eat into it, we hope that its investigations may reach certain official robbers in this Territory, for, if the old pilots for defrauding the people and making money for themselves, which were planned by one, and have been carried out by two officials in this territory, during the past year, could be ripped up, the corruption would cease out.

LOST IN THE CLOTHES.—The New Orleans Exponent, on the French side of the sheet, gives the following amusing anecdote:

"Two policemen lately presented themselves at the workshop of one Mr. Smith, engineer of a locomotive. Smith, appreciating their good intentions, immediately raised the safety valve, and an impetuous vapor spread on all sides around him. The investigations of the policemen were without result. The engineer Mr. Smith, by the help of the steam, had disappeared along with it."

BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the Atlanta Intelligencer, writing under date of New York, Oct. 12, says "if ever there was a prospect that Broadway would be relieved, it has now past. The railroad which was to have stamped that avenue with the latest seal of freshness and progressive, must now lay on the shelf of postponement. What alone has been too much for iron. Our ladies' skirts demand more room for their distending hoops, and the pace is hardly large enough for the increased majesty of the red, blue and green plaids, which are now beginning to glare, in autumn hues, along our ever crowded thoroughfares. Carriages consequently need more space along the sidewalks, and omnibuses are in worse jam than ever before. The old is thus battling with the new. The high-heeled shoes of our great grandmothers are usurping the place of tri-colored gaiters. Gentlemen are going back to the ruffled shirts of '76, and short clothes, cocked hats and bright shoe buckles will inevitably turn up in a few years. Red republicans and Young America must brace for the conflict, for costumes often effect opinions, and aristocracy in government may follow knee buckles and lace waist bands."

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 16.
Galveston dates to Sunday have been received. Capt. Callahan, of the Texas Rangers, had a battle at Eagle Pass, on the 4th inst., with 700 Mexicans and Indians. Four of the Texans, and 40 of the enemy were killed. The latter retreated.

Capt. Callahan calls on the State of Texas for assistance to exterminate the Indians, who say they are determined to kill as they go.

Capt. C. is expecting another attack.

It is intimated that in France, before the bread reaches the consumer, the grain and flour of which it is compounded, passes through the hands of twenty speculators.

THE ZEITUNG.—A leading German paper in Texas, advises its countrymen to "form good well grounded German schools—to be proud that they are Germans, and deny not, from a cowardly fear of men, those better and freer convictions which they brought with them from Germany."

Now, it is precisely such advice as the above, says a N. Y. paper, which is calculated to estrange the German and other emigrants from the country of their adoption. By following such evil counsels, they have already incurred the hostility of the American people, to a degree dangerous to their welfare. What is needed to make the German good citizens, is to forsake their foreign prepossessions; to endeavor to become Americans in language, spirit and feeling, and to identify themselves with American principles and interests. The formation of German schools, the clinging to German manners and sentiments, can never make them good American citizens. German materialism is not what is needed to promote the welfare of our institutions. On the contrary, it is calculated to undermine our liberties, and to alienate us from the pure fountain of our nationality—Protestant Christianity. So long as German as well as all other emigrants to this country, adhere to a spirit of foreignism among us, and adhere to their respective national characteristics, preferring to be considered as aliens rather than as American citizens, they will be strangers in a strange land. They must adopt a different policy, and become Americanized, if they desire an unobstructed admission to the privileges of American citizenship.

AN EXCITING INCIDENT.—The Pittsburg Post relates the following thrilling incident:

"On Thursday, after the Baltimore train on the Pennsylvania Railroad (on which Longbridge's great Amsterdam car-brake is constructed) had got under full headway beyond East Liberty, the engineer, Mr. William Willis, espied something on the track which he took to be a lost package, when within about one hundred and seventy-five feet of it he discovered it was a little child, about fourteen months old, sitting between the cross-ties. With astonishing rapidity he struck the steam lever, and cut off the steam, drew back the brake lever, and applied at the brakes. The fireman, Snyder, got down on the step at the side of the engine, awaiting the moment that the momentum of the train was sufficiently checked to permit him to jump off and run ahead to snatch the child from the track, which soon occurred; when, by a supernatural effort, he gained inch by inch on the engine, and the babe was picked up safely and unharmed by its father."

The sight of the infant, the deliverance to its parent, the running of the men, the movements of the engine, the screeching of the brakes, and sparks of fire that flew from the track, rendered it a moment of the most intense excitement—one that will be held in pleasant remembrance by those who, by their extraordinary presence of mind, saved the child from an awful death."

A SADDLE-BAG GROCERY.—The Grand Jury of Cass county, Ga., made the following presentment, at a late term of the Court:

The Grand Jury of the present week would also most respectfully represent it as their opinion, that something like a saddle-bag grocery has been kept by the superior Court of this week, in the august personage of one of the constables, without license; therefore we cannot safely conclude that the Temperance cause is highly esteemed by that arm of the law, and while we exonerate the constable from a knowledge of this act, we must set our faces against all saddle-bag groceries, and more especially when kept by a constable in attendance upon the Court. The particular constable we have concluded thus to canonize, and hand his deeds of consummate (frontier) and shame, down to future constables, as a well-merited instance of *unfit contempt of court*.

EXPORT OF WHEAT FROM THE SOUTH.—The Savannah News of the 18th gives the following item:

The ship Southport, which was cleared for Liverpool by Messrs. Jones & Watson, on Saturday last, took, as part of her cargo, 2,007 bushels of wheat. This is the first export of this article from our port to Europe, and we hope it may prove the beginning of a trade which will be profitable both to our enterprising merchants and our country farmers.

The Scientific Bulletin of Paris says: "Chemistry is about to drag from an anti-epitaph death thousands of men, who, in the exercise of their cruel professions—gold mining, glass painting, white lead manufacture, etc., and also those whose system has been ruined by mercury in its various forms—for this science has raised her right arm and arrested their misery and destruction. This discovery extracts from their bodies, atom by atom, every particle of metallic substance, from every part of the human system. The invention consists of an application of electric electricity to accomplish the purpose, and of all the many and marvelous things that electricity has achieved, this is the boldest and most triumphant."

Mr. Dubbs, grave digger at Norfolk, after burying 2300 persons, victims of the yellow fever, the last of whom was his wife, has at length himself died of this disease.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.
A freight train off the track on the Harlem Railroad. Two cars and an engine were smashed. The engineer and fireman were killed. A rail had been placed across the track.

PROHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA.

A correspondent of the Evening Mirror, writing under date of Philadelphia, October 4th, gives rather a poor account of the manner in which the Prohibitory Liquor Law, which recently took effect in that State, is regarded:

"You will remember in my last letter it was predicted that the Liquor Law would, for as this city was concerned at least, prove a dead letter. That prediction has come to pass. The so-called Prohibition was to commence on Monday last. A large number of our citizens had been preparing themselves for the loss of their accustomed beverage by taking an annual quantity of the creature on Saturday night; the bars of our hotels were crowded by those anxious to have 'a long pull, a Jax pull, and a pull altogether.' But on Monday morning what was the agreeable surprise of these worthies to discover that the great law, about which so much was said and written, had proved a nullity. 'Morning smiles' were still found for those who wished to bask in their sunshine, and the glowing faces of the bar-tenders indicated that for the sake of obliging their friends, and pocketing their sixpences, they were willing to incur the penalties for the violation of this law. Our policemen have, however, gone to work in the right way by arresting those guilty of drunkenness; this is in reality the best means of preventing the over-consumption of liquors. This state of things, when coupled with the transactions of a similar nature in New York, must prove the folly of forcing upon their cherished idol, Prohibition."

CASE OF COL. WHEELER'S SLAVES.—Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, delivered an opinion on Friday morning adverse to the reception of the petition of Johnson to quash the writ of habeas corpus, in the case of Pass more Williamson, pronouncing her to have no status in Court, being entirely without its jurisdiction.

The opinion is very elaborate, reviewing the whole case, and reaffirming his former opinion. He asserted the law of nations guaranteed the right of transit of slaves, and of every species of property, through territory where slavery was not recognized.

If the contrary principle was sanctioned the time might come when the cotton of Louisiana, the rice of Carolina, and the ram of New England, would be restricted from transportation, and the bonds of the State producing them.

He maintained that the Federal Constitution recognized slaves as property, and up to 1830 slavery existed in the thirteen original States. He said that Williamson's duty, then as now, was to produce Jane Johnson's children.

Were the petitioner here to abide the notion of the court she would have a right to be heard, but being without the jurisdiction, the records of the Court cannot be opened or a stranger.

ADVICE, GRATIS.—We don't know where the following originated, but the author has evidently been around our eyes:

Young man! keep your eye open when you are after a woman! Is the pretty face or form attractive? Or a pretty face, even if the face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. The neat form will be pitched into calico. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles sweet and eats your candy. Keep your eye open, when you are after the woman. If the little devil is cross, and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she apologizes for washing dishes, you will need a girl to bat her. If she blushes when found at the wash tub with her sleeves rolled up, be sure, sir, that she is scabbing, little breeding and little sense. If you carry a girl who knows nothing but to commit suicide—laughter on the piano, you have got the piece of music ever gotten up. Find one whose mind is right, then pitch in. Don't be hanging around her like a poor sheep thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough and ask for the article like a man.

RATHER BOLD.—The Boston Courier, in noticing a new Hotel recently opened in that city, on the European plan, says:

"Ladies should not hesitate to patronize it. There is no reason why they should not have a lunch or something substantial—a slice of beef, a cut of ham, the leg of a chicken, a tender snipe—as well as men; and, if they desire it, have a glass of wine, or something more pungent, just as if they were at a club. If they will but unite and disrobe themselves of that shyness which makes them less than angels—laugh and be merry, and talk natural and free—they will improve their own condition, and make life happier."

It strikes us that the present tendency for ladies to "disrobe themselves," is not only of "that shyness" which is akin to modesty, but even of the angelic attribute of modesty itself. A beautiful woman in a fashionable restaurant, with a glass of brandy and water in her hand, "on the European plan," we should regard, as a rather indecent exhibition. We have long since lost the school-boy illusion that women are made of ether, and can live on love; but we still confess to something of a repugnance at seeing them in eating saloons, up to their eyes in beef and beer.

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THE AGE OF DISCOVERY.

The present is emphatically the age of discovery. At no period since the days of Columbus and Cortez, has the thirst for exploration been more active or universal than now. One by one the outposts of barbarism are stormed and carried; advanced parallels are thrown up, and the besieging lines of knowledge, which, when once established, can never be shaken, are gradually closing around the yet unconquered mysteries of the globe. Modern exploration is intelligent, and its results are therefore positive and permanent. The traveller no longer wanders bewildered in a cloud of fables, prepared to see marvels and too ready to create them; he tests every step of his way by the sure light of science and his pioneer trail becomes a plain and easy path to those who follow. The pencil, the compass, the barometer, and the sextant accompanying him; geology, botany, and ethnology are his aids, and by these helps and appliances, his single brain achieves results now which it would once have required an armed force to win.

Within the last twenty-five years all the principal features of the geography of our own vast interior regions have been accurately determined; the great fields of Central Asia have been traversed in various directions, from Bokhara and the Oxus to the Chinese Wall; the half-known river systems of South America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the Southern Pole has been discovered; the North Western Passage, the long fatus of nearly two centuries, is at last found; the Dead Sea is stripped of fabulous terrors, the course of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from his keeping. The mountains of the Moon, sought for through two thousand years, have been beheld by a Caucasian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chadda to the frontiers of the Great Kingdom of Bornou; Leichardt and Stuart have penetrated the wilderness of Australia; the Russians have descended from Irkutsk to the mouth of the Amoor; the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked and are fast tumbling down, and the canvas screens which surround Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise. Such are the principal results of modern exploration. What quarter of a century, since the form of the earth and the boundaries of its land and water were known, can exhibit such a list of achievements!

To this may now be added the interesting discovery of Dr. Kane in the Arctic seas.

THE BED AS AN INSTITUTION.—The almost forgotten French romance, *Clemence Roberis*, thus warmly expresses himself on the comforts of the bed: "A bed is certainly the most precious and most favorable asylum to be found here below. In fact when I look at it and when I think, when I step into it, how one is suddenly, as if by enchantment, rid of fatigue, cold, wind, dust, rain, importunate visitors, tedious conversations, commonplace remarks, pompous assertions, bragging puttings forth of headstrong opinions, contraband discussions, travel stories, confidential readings of a poem, or a whole tragedy, explanations of systems in long words, interminable monologues, and that in place of all these one has pictures, thoughts, memories, to be called up, that he is in the midst of chosen society of phantoms and visions, just to his mind, and all these dreams, which a foreign writer calls 'moonlight of the brain'! Then I think of all this, as I look at a bed, I know not what words to make use of to express my enthusiasm and veneration; I am almost ready to bow in adoration before it."

A GRENADIER IN THE DUKES OF BERWICK'S army being severely wounded in the Crimea, and represented to him that the unhappy man was one of the bravest soldiers in the army. The Duke however, ordered the Provost to do his duty.

The grenadier was conducted to the place of punishment, but at the instant they were about to tie his hands, he found means to slip away, and conceal himself in the camp. The Duke informed of his escape, ordered the Provost himself to be in his place, and protested his innocence, but all in vain—the inexorable Duke ordered him to immediate execution. The concealed grenadier, being informed of this circumstance, with an exalted generosity of sentiment, instantly repaired to the Duke, "My lord," said he, "I am the man. I am informed that an innocent man is to die in my stead. As he had no hand in my escape, order him to be brought back, and I die content." The greatness of soul instantly pardoned the general who pardoned them both."

A SPARK OF THE ANGEL LEFT.—An exchange says that a number of abandoned women in Norfolk, Va., have since the breaking out of the yellow fever in that city, been most unceasing in their attention to the sick, and have proved the most valuable nurses.

They have been the means of saving a number of lives, and in such angelic labors—for the deeds are heavenly things performed by the daughters of sin—several of them have died—died at the post of duty and mercy, administering to the victims of the plague.

Our readers have heard of the old lady who had played cards for twenty years without having a trump. She always misdealt when it was her deal. We have met persons who were afraid to play what too often led them to their ruin. A lady, however, in a case of this kind, has a crumb of comfort for the old lady and for those prudent economists. It appears that if 1,000,000,000 persons, about the population of the earth; were to deal the cards incessantly, night and day, for 1,000,000,000 years, at the rate of a deal by each person a minute, and even if each of these deals were essentially different, they would not have exhausted the one hundredthousandth part of essentially different ways in which the 53 cards can be distributed between four players.—*Boston Advertiser*.

HOWELL CONE'S majority for Congress in the Sixth District in Georgia, is 4,000.

NAPOLEON TRIUMPHANT.

The fortunes of no man of modern times, says the N. Y. Mirror, have exhibited such marked and extraordinary changes as the career of Louis Napoleon. A few years since he was known only as a despised and neglected exile whose infatuation with the fame of his great uncle had led him into various visionary projects and conspiracies against the reigning dynasty in France. In England, where he eked out an obscure existence, he was scarcely recognized by the noble exiles from his own land, and entirely ignored by the British Government. No man dreamt at that day what a conspicuous place he would shortly occupy on the theatre of European affairs.

In fact, the career of Louis Napoleon bears an exact resemblance to the varying fortunes of the French people. Since the American War of Independence introduced the revolutionary spirit into France, and directly contributed to that tremendous revolution which gave scope to the genius of Napoleon Bonaparte, and shook the dynasties of Europe to the very brink of ruin, the French nation has enjoyed only fitful periods of repose. Revolution in quick succession in that distracted country, and probably she exhibits at this moment, under the iron rule of Napoleon, a more contented spirit, and a greater disposition to acquiesce in the present order of things, than she has shown during the last sixty years. Step by step, in masterly progression, Louis Napoleon rose to the position of Emperor of the French people; and though perils and iniquity have marked his course from the beginning, and culminated in one crowning act of crime in his celebrated *coup d'etat*, yet he has pursued his purpose so steadily and surely, and with such a remarkable display of ability, that the world is placed in his favor, and joins in heralding his genius and shouting his praises. So true is it, that success is the measure of fame, and covers a multitude of sins.

No man ever committed greater sins against popular liberty than Louis Napoleon, yet no man rivals his immense popularity at this day in Europe. Witness the recent reveling among all classes of the people at the fall of Sebastopol, and how universally the credit of that enterprise is awarded to the French Emperor. Even the London Times joins in heaping the laurels of this great triumph on his head, while the whole English people, however much they may be secretly annoyed at the superior lustre of the French arms and French military genius, are unanimous in eulogizing the gigantic abilities and the dogged perseverance of Napoleon, in bringing to pass his renowned proclamation, "*Sebastopol est prise*."

Whether the future will justify these ardent praises of the genius of the French Emperor, and whether a happy denouement of the war in the East, and the temporary prostration of Russian power, will have the effect to establish on a firm basis the "Napoleon Dynasty" in France, remains to be seen. But that the partial overthrow of Sebastopol, and the temporary discomfiture of Russia, have already increased the prestige of Louis Napoleon, no shrewd observer can doubt.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—I will give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.

The first is, "try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little, and "better is little, with the fear of God" than great treasures and trouble therewith. Two men were determined to be rich, but the one strove to raise up his means to his desires; while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things."

Look up with hopeful eyes
"The hand that feeds the hungry orphan!"
The sun that sets to night will rise,
Again to-morrow morn'.

The skipping lamb, the singing lark and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was whose face was lightened up with joy.

RUFUS CHATEAU ON "REPUBLICANISM."—Such was the felicity of our condition, that the dissension which rent small republics in twain, welded and compacted the vast fabric of our own. Does he would substitute for this form of conducting our civil differences, a geographical instrumentality the party life and influence compass? Does he forget how the public opinion of a people is created, and that when created it determines their victory? All party agitation tends towards faction. This is its evil. But it is inseparable from free government. To choose his political connection aright is the most delicate and difficult duty of the citizen. We have made our choice, and we abide by it. We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

LATEST ON THE DANISH SOUND QUESTION.—That a special messenger has not been sent to our Minister at Copenhagen to re-open negotiations, but that Murey holds his ground for a repeat of the tolls, or for war. All of which, as usual, will end in a back out.

THE HOSPITAL AT SEBASTOPOL.

The Crimean correspondent of the London Times gives the following horrible and heart sickening account of the Hospital at Sebastopol, after its evacuation by the Russians:

"Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible and heart-rending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fossil could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill. The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situated in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bombing over Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barmak Battery, and it bears in sides, roofs, windows, and doors, frequent destructive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, has ever witnessed! In a low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercy by their general. The wounded did I say? No, but the dead, rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, soppy and saturated with blood which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, and mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the rear of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot forcing through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, those poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many nearly mad by the scenes around them, or seeking escape from it in their extreme agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectators, all with such looks. Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, imploring aid, water, food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or, by dreadful injuries on the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitude of some was so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones, ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the agonies must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the month, compressed tightly by the teeth which had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these ghastly scenes of horrors—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Capt. Vaughan, of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand at the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeon. 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